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Nevile

Fourteenth satire of Juvenal imitated



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FREDERIC THOMAS BLANCHARD
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John Hatfield.

THE
FOURTEENTH SATIRE
OF
JUVENAL

IMITATED

BY THOMAS NEVILE, A. M.
FELLOW OF JESUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

Ætas parentum, peior avis, tulit

Nos nequiores, mox daturos

Progeniem vitiosorem.

HORAT.

L O N D O N :

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T H E

F O U R T E E N T H S A T I R E

O F

J U V E N A L

I M I T A T E D.

YES; I must say it; Britain is undone,
If vicious habits creep from fire to son;
Such as an HOWARD's scutcheon would efface,
Or shade the glories of a RUSSEL's race.
5 Does the Duke game? the Marquis shall be seen
Hemm'd by a sharpening circle at fifteen.
Shall the youth, wont from infancy to note
The fav'ry raptures of a rev'rend throat,
Whose daily dreams ragouts and saucers claim,
10 Rise to deserve a patriot's dear-bought name?

B Go!

Go! be the skill of twenty sages join'd
 To form by Wisdom's better rules his mind,
 Fruitless their care: his glory is to shine
 A true descendant of a lick'rish line.

- 15 APPIUS, a fiend of Passion; in whose face
 Spleen sits, and triumphs with a four grimace,
 Who keeps his family in ceaseless fear,
 The POLYPHEME of all the region near,
 Think ye, will he his son to meekness school,
 20 Or train him to a temper calm and cool,
 Teach him, that failings our indulgence claim,
 That Nature fashion'd rich and poor the same?
 PERISSA's daughter wed, you'll feel too late
 You've chosen no LUCRETIA for your mate;
 25 The Miss, who, ere twelve winters she could tell,
 Knew with resistless airs to act the belle,
 To lisp, to languish, heave the practis'd sigh,
 And dart sweet mischief from the melting eye;
 Who to wild gallants luscious lines indites,
 30 And with her freakish friends holds noisy nights,

In

- In all her mother's myſt'ries deeply read,
 Treats, affignations, ſwarming in her head.
 So Nature bids : when great examples move,
 Domeſtic vices too perſuaſive prove ;
- 35 Some few, illumin'd by a richer ray,
 Direſt their courſe, as Reaſon points the way ;
 Moſt in their parents' footſteps fondly run,
 Drawn to the very track, they ought to ſhun.
 Is it your wiſh a faultleſs ſon to ſee ?
- 40 Watch your own conduct ; from all ſtain be free :
 For youth too oft, whatever care is had,
 Perverſely docile imitates the bad :
 No place but ſwarms with * * 's of the kind ;
 But where another SAVILE ſhall we find ?
- 45 With due reſerve before a child be ſeen ;
 Taint not his innocence with talk obſcene :
 Far hence be midnight revels, midnight balls !
 And keep, O ! keep him from thoſe wanton walls,
 Where Love leads in his looſe-zon'd titt'ring crew,
- 50 And AMORET trips half-naked to the view.

Should you perceive at some unguarded hour
 The Tempter willing to exert his pow'r,
 Scorn not the playful presence of your boy,
 But check the risings of unruly joy.

- 55 Ah think! should he to some great guilt aspire,
 (For sons not only copy of their fire
 The form and features, but the manners too,
 And every failing piously outdo :)
 Strait in his ears you'd thunder, and, what's worse,
 60 Menace to mark him with your heaviest curse.
 O Shame! dare you—you, Sir, a rev'rend rake,
 The parent's front, the parent's freedom take,
 You, whom long since a course of roar and riot
 Has render'd ripe for discipline and diet?
 65 Yet, tho' no decency e'er claim'd your care,
 The least punctilio 'twere a sin to spare :
 Let but a peer or peerefs come to dine,
 In polish'd pride the rich buffet shall shine ;
 A brighter gloss the Persian guilts disclose,
 70 And the lac'd footmen stand in tawdry rows.

Why

- Why this solicitude for poor parade,
 While ev'ry serious bus'ness is delay'd?
 A spotless family, without a vice,
 Is a concern, in which you're not so nice.
- 75 Can he demand a recompence too great,
 Who forms a man of merit for the state,
 A WOLFE, or YORKE, to bleed in Britain's cause;
 Or from Rebellion's gripe to snatch the laws?
 It matters much, what manners and what arts
- 80 Use, early use, to tender age imparts.
 To pathless woods the mother stork repairs,
 And snakes and lizards to her offspring bears,
 Who, when full-plum'd to sail through air, in quest
 Of the same animals, desert their nest:
- 85 The vulture, nurtur'd to the carrion taste,
 With tender talons tears the rank repast:
 Eaglets mature, and birds of gen'rous breed,
 Wont from their shell on forest-game to feed,
 When hunger prompts, their prey in forests seek,
- 90 And fouse on hares and deer with rav'ning beak.

CENTRONIUS in one favour'd son attains
 A rich reward for all his piddling pains :
 What pride ! the little pedant when he saw
 Quit for a view of canker'd coins his taw ;
 95 Heard him some vase's tap'ring beauties tell,
 Or praise the pearly lining of a shell.

Nor did the tasteful LABEO with less joy
 Behold himself reflected in his boy ;
 LABEO, who, proud to act no vulgar part,
 100 Would rival BOYLE in the Palladian art ;
 But grown more prudent, ere it was too late,
 Left to his son his plans and his estate.
 Now see, the wonder of an age to come,
 A structure worthy Athens, worthy Rome !
 105 Fair op'ning to his wish a site is found ;
 The pile slow-rising heaves above the ground :
 Domes, arches, colonades lick up his gold ;
 The front to finish next his lands are sold ;
 The last few hundreds wake him from his trance,
 110 And waft him o'er a fugitive to France.

Who

- Who in the son Sir CALEB does not trace,
 The trembling tone, formality of face,
 The curls, the coat? for to reform the dress
 With him is Pagan, Popish; nothing less:
- 115 Stiff in his gait, precise in all he says,
 Each step he measures, and each word he weighs.
 Ask why the son ne'er shone in Church or Laws,
 The wife, the grave Sir CALEB is the cause.
- Most vices take their followers at first view;
 120 Av'rice alone reluctant we pursue:
 A cheat; than whom no Virtue can appear
 In mien, in garb, more solemn, more severe.
 'Tis true; Sir * had some penurious ways;
 Yet his œconomy exacts our praise;
- 125 No saint more temperate: his savings sure;
 And well he knew those savings to secure.
 For management by all around him fear'd;
 And in th' Exchange how honour'd! how rever'd!
 These, these, who wealth above all blessings prize,
- 130 Too many fathers style supremely wise;

Who

Who deem the Poor to blifs can have no claim,
But to be rich and happy are the fame.

“ Go, boys !” they cry, “ keep faft the getting rule ;
“ Go ! learn true wifdom at Sir *’s fchool.”

135 Vice has it’s elements : thefe they impart,
The beggarly beginnings of their art :
Next the found tenets of their trade are told,
Tenets, which Tuscus and his fpare fpoufe hold ;
From their ftarv’d fervants who with care conceal

140 The bony fragments of a Sabbath meal,
But bountcoufly permit them to regale
On falted herrings, and on muddy ale,
And for themfelves or friends with mead refine
The laft thick droppings of a pint of wine.

145 Do the dark dungeons of Moorfields contain
Frantics fo defp’rate as the flaves of gain,
All penury’s pinching pains through life who try,
To leave a golden mountain, when they die ?
Alas ! to have is but to wifh for more ;

150 Believe me, none lefs covet than the Poor.

Tir’d

- Tir'd of the town PATRICE a villa buys ;
 A farm adjoining soon attracts his eyes :
 That field so fertile, and that range of trees
 In a few years he purchases with ease :
 155 Next on his neighbour's ground his wish he throws :
 Happy, could he that meadow but enclose !
 Not sell it ! Shall PATRICE entreat in vain ?
 (For with some folks to beg is to obtain :)
 Threaten'd with law his neighbour takes advice,
 160 Glad to give up his acres at half price.
 In vain the men look grave, the women rail ;
 Unmov'd he hears the lamentable tale,
 More pleas'd by rapine envious talk to raise,
 Than live on little with a people's praise.
 165 Yet in that little he perhaps might find
 More health of body, and more peace of mind,
 A charm, that might each harsher sense assuage,
 And gild the dark December of old age.
 Blest times ! when our forefathers with disdain
 170 Could see men tread the crooked paths of gain :

- Glory their wish, and competence their aim,
 By noble means they fought an honest fame,
 Proud from our coasts the Spaniard to repel,
 Or rear rich trophies, where the TALBOTS fell :
 175 No pension, no court-bawble, they desir'd ;
 Each to his own paternal cell retir'd ;
 There every want and every wish confin'd,
 And knew no treasure but a peaceful mind.
 The sons, discipl'd in each manly grace,
 180 Beam'd back the modest virtues of their race.
 Now dreams of grandeur haunt each infant brain,
 The princely palace, and the liv'ry'd train :
 Hence with portentous crimes these days are curst ;
 Of mental monsters Av'rice is the worst ;
 185 To dark and deathful deeds she stirs the soul,
 She points the poniard, and she drags the bowl :
 Heirs, restless heirs, her dire behests obey :
 No torture to her zealots like delay :
 Wild for the prize the minor in career
 190 Of Law, of Fame, of Conscience, knows no fear.

This

This lust of gain escap'd not MARVELL's eye :

" Hence to your feats, ye Youths ! " he oft would cry :

" The days of rural innocence restore ;

" Live, as your ancestors have liv'd before.

195 " Who toils the tenant of his own estate

" Will never turn informer to the Great,

" Mix with the sharpers, join the factious tribe,

" Or, worse ! betray his country for a bribe."

Thus spake the patriot of a former age :

200 Maxims more prudent guide a modern sage.

Ere yet the child has number'd thirteen years,

These saving sounds are tingling in his ears :

" Go, boy ! where Int'rest bids : they never err,

" Who in their choice of friends the rich prefer."

205 Do the lad's lineaments show a rough grace ?

He buys the promise of an ensign's place :

Be MARS propitious, and he'll never fear

To rise a col'nel in his fortieth year.

Or should the frailties of a flutt'ring frame

210 Dim the pure lustre of a soldier's fame,

- For gown and band he barter's his cockade,
 And leaves to BRADDOCK all BELLONA's trade.
 As shift's his patron's taste, behold him shine
 A play'r, a cook, a gambler, or divine.
- 215 Nor needs he blush to thrive by arts like these;
 Gain still is gain, acquire it as you please:
 For mark the doctrine, MONEY MUST BE HAD;
 No matter if the means be good or bad:
 This, this, before their elements of speech,
- 220 To boys, to girls, fires, grandfires, matrons teach.
 But why these precepts? Go, secure of mind:
 Soon will the monitor be left behind;
 Soon with a sigh confess himself outdone,
 As the mad ** by his madder son.
- 225 Cease then a while your lessons to impart;
 The native taint has not yet reach'd the heart:
 Scarce shall his downy cheeks the man reveal,
 And court the first sharp glidings of the steel,
 Frontless he'll cheat; with oaths confirm a lie;
- 230 For vilest trash pack cards, or cog the die;

Defame

- Defame a friend, set families at strife,
 Or poison, if need be, a wealthy wife.
 Small knaves for lucre traverse lands and seas ;
 Great villains do their bus'ness with more ease.
 235 " Well, Heav'n be judge ! in me no failure lies :"
 Each pious father lifts his hands, and cries.
 Yet sure who counsels to heap gain on gain
 Lends to another's passions the loose rein :
 In vain you bid him warily proceed ;
 240 Far from the goal he flies with frantic speed.
 Would you set bounds ? by self-indulgence taught
 Each thinks he goes no further than he ought.
 The wights, who to their sons are wont to say,
 That all, who give, are in a desp'rate way ;
 245 Who with a shrug the fools to Bedlam send,
 Whom pity prompts to raise a sinking friend ;
 What do they but an ardent itch create
 By fraud or force to compass an estate ;
 Teach them for wealth more fierce desires to feel,
 250 Than e'er felt WILLIAM for the public weal,
 When,

- When, fir'd by Freedom, Albion's blifs he plann'd,
 And drove a Tyrant-bigot from the land?
 Soon will you fee the sparks, your breath supply'd,
 Burft in a blaze, and fpread deftruction wide;
 255 Nor hope to 'fcape a flame, that levels all:
 You too a victim to its rage fhall fall.
 Your looks, your frame Neftorean years preface:
 Torture to wait the flow decays of age!
 What mail, or antidote, can eafe your thought,
 260 When Av'rice points the fteel, or drugs the draught?
 No SCRUB, no BAYS, who by grimace or wit
 Sets in a roar the rabble of the pit,
 Yields fuch a fight, as who in pride of pelf
 Is pleas'd to make a martyr of himfelf;
 265 Who, worth a million, humbly deigns to fear
 Some fad reverfe, fome other South-fea year.
 Ye FOOTs! ye WOODWARDS! quit the comic trade;
 On the world's ftage more pleafant pranks are play'd.
 Who but muft fhake with laughter, when he fees
 270 A wretch for lucre barter health and eafe?

Yet

- Yet all, from those who stretch their lungs for hire,
 To him who wantons on the wav'ring wire,
 Reap and enjoy the harvest of their pains,
 While some folks put no period to their gains.
- 275 Go, frantic! if the God of Gold commands,
 Go, walk with Pestilence o'er scorching sands,
 All life's best comforts left! or shiv'ring go
 Where Winter's banners wave o'er hills of snow!
 For what? unrival'd among cits to range
- 280 The gaze and envy of a full Exchange;
 To buy a borough in some venal year,
 Or match your daughter with a ruin'd peer.
- Madness is various: this no peace can know,
 While froward Fancy paints each friend a foe;
- 285 From Heav'n th' inspiring call another hears,
 And sets his fainted neighbours by the ears;
 A third, who roams the seas to swell his heap,
 A tottering plank between him and the deep,
 Though in demeanour a true sage he seem,
- 290 BATTIE no less a lunatic would deem:

Let

Let Death with horrors hang the black'ning skies,
 In tow'ring pyramids let furies rise,
 Rocks rear their heads, or icy mountains roll ;
 Gold sheds a soothing opiate on the soul.
 295 Nor with the getting does the mischief end ;
 More dangers wait them ; cares on cares attend :
 Their own domestics fill them with affright ;
 Robbers by day, assassins in the the night :
 Gems, vases, statues, pictures, sculptur'd plate,
 300 Unnumber'd terrors to their lord create.
 If such the plagues of full prosperity,
 Who most demands our envy ? is it he,
 Who in an hermitage content has found,
 Or he, whose longings not Peru can bound ?
 305 Reasons to value self though shrewd men seek,
 Nature and common sense one language speak.
 Let fools, let slaves before their idol bend,
 I know no wants, Philosophy my friend.
 Ask you, what's competence ? cloaths, food, and fire :
 310 Or, should your views to something more aspire,
 Go !

Go! see where Temperance and Plenty meet
 To bless one man in Thurcaston's retreat.
 Should you still hang the lip and knit the brow,
 An added rent or two I might allow.

315 Not pleas'd? alas! could treasures be supply'd
 From Earth's vast stores, enough for **'s pride,
 Enough for THORNTON's bounty, could they more
 Than teach you to be wretched, and be poor?

F I N I S.

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